A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE

we met but once, but once, And swept forever apart
On the world's dark tide that rushes on
And sunders many a larger And staders many a heart!
To have looked on eyes like yours,
To have touched such a rose leaf hand And never, never again to meet, But in Memory's dreamy land!

Once in the lonely dark
It stabbed me through and through,
The sudden thought of your sweet young

face;
And once, ere the early dew
Was dry on the springing grass,
And the morning wind blew free, ost met you beneath the firs Where the path turns down to the sea

And your smiling shadow lives In the chambers of my brain, Where my spirit wanders, a homeless ghost

Seeking your face again;
And if you be living yet,
Or where, I cannot know,
But my spris clings in a bootless dream
To our meeting long ago.
—M. Falconer in Chambers' Journal.

PIERRE'S FOUNDLING.

It was Pierre who first called her that, and Pierre was a creole, and Felice, his wife, was a creole, and so they both said, "Snow wide," but then they meant "Snow white," and everybody called her that. And very white she did look to Pierre that morning in the early spring, many years ago now, when he found her lying on the doorstep, a fleecy white snawl all around her, and only her little, round, baby blue eyes showing out of

"See what the good God has sent me, Felice," said Pierre, taking the little, soft, white bundle in his big, brown hands and carrying it in to his wife, "a little snow white baby."

And Felice turned back the shawl from the baby's head, and there, pinned to her little dress, was a card, and as Pierre bent down to see he read, "For

Pierre and Felice." "Did I not say, Felice," he cried. "See. it is for us-the good God has sent it."

When Felice bent down to kiss the rosy lips that cooed and smiled up at er she smelt the perfume on the little baby's clothes, and then she thought of the sweet, pale, gentle lady whose hair she had dressed a few nights before, and of the tall, dark man whom the lady had not called her husband, but her "friend." But she did not tell Pierre all this. What she did tell him was that tney ould take their new treasure and show it to the priest, and Pierre-good, simple hearted Pierre—went along very close beside Felice, wishing mightily that he could take the little white, soft bundle in his own arms.

And Pere Martin, when he looked into the little baby's eyes, remembered the slight, graceful woman who had knelt so long at vespers the evening before, and the sweet, gentle voice in which, when the service was over, she had questioned him about the coiffense, elice, and Pierre, her husband, who lived in a room in the crumbling gray house beyond the church. He remem bered also that the hand that dropped into his the heavy purse of gold, telling him it was to be given to this same Felice and Pierre, if they should need it, had no ring upon the third finger, and Pere Martin sighed as he looked into the baby's face and murmured, "Another lamb into the fold." But he, too, did not speak of what he remembered. Inon the corner and that all would be arranged, and that the next day after

mass they might bring the child to be

christened name of Snow-white. No other name bit in the morning." would have suited her half so well. Snow white she was when they found put a few dainty tucks in baby's little thinner. white slip, or to wash her face or to curl came up stairs without stopping to wash court so that he might not soil the baby's dress when he took her in his arms, and his lips on hers. It was marvelous to see what a change the baby's coming de in the lives of the two, Pierre and Pelice. Somehow Pierre'e step grew lighter and his laugh grew cheerier. ten on the dray, turning and pulling the

bales with his sharp hook. "Oh, I must not be so rough," he said to them, "since there is now a little one I may disturb with my big stepping." And Felice's songs were gaver as she

tripped about at her tidy housework, and her fingers were defter as she did her hair dressing, and her confures were more elaborate and graceful than ever

"It makes a difference, is it not so, the hair of a fond young mother, who ast the while gently swinging the cradle of her first born; "it makes a difference that there is now a little heart for your big one to hold. I know. It is all anged with me, now that the good matter so much now that I must go up and down the stair, that I must bring the water from the cistern in the court

that I must be forever crimping and

curling and sticking in hairpins." It did seem that all the little household was changed. There were not many, to be sure, for besides Pierre and Felice there were only Marta, and Babette and Sieur Antoige in the little gray house. Marta lived in the first floor, and from her apartments there came always the pleasing odor of burnt sugar, for it was in her own little back room that she made the white and golden ropes of candy that she sold upon the street every day. Marta's delight knew no bounds when Snow-white was able to sit alone and hold in the little chubby fist a stick of her whitest and crispest candy, sucking it till it ran down her wrists and chin

and upon her white dress in streams of sticky sweetness. "It is by the reason that the little one likes it that I make this cream candy." Marta would say to her customers, remembering Snow-white s enjoyment of the dainty. "Will you not try some to-

day? It is nice." And so she would go through the day with a lighter step and a heavier purse

than of vore. But it was Babette who always took to stay him. care of Snow-white when Felice was away. Babette was a blanchisseuse, and was always washing, washing washing the merry "snow music" and then the died a few minutes later."

in the big tube down in the court. 50 when Snow-white was old enough and the days grew mild Babette would take her shawl, and spreading it out on the warm bricks that paved the court put the baby upon it, shading her little face from the sun by one of Pierre's big straw hats hung upon a stick. The baby grew to love Babette, with her broad, round face and her plump, white arms-grew to love the warm court where there was so much sunlight, and always the splashing of water and the flapping of snowy clothes on the line.

Then there was Sieur Antoine, with his violin, whom Snow-white soon learned to love too. At first he would only pause when he met Felice or Pierre upon the stair, and inquired in his sweet, gentle voice after the little one; but by and by he grew to stopping on his way up to his room to see the lady, all white and soft and clean, tucked away in her little bed. Sieur Antoine spoke but little, but he played, oh, so beautifully, sitting away up stairs by himself. His violin talked for him, he would say. He was always sad and often hungry, Pierre So when Snow-v hite was able to climb the stair without the fear of falling, Felice used sometimes send her up to Sieur Antoine's room with a slice of bread or a bit of meat that he might

find it waiting for him on his table. It was Pere Martin himself who used to come for the little girl when she was old enough to run about, and carry her with him to the church and his own cozy little house with its vine clad porch and its garden of roses behind. He would pluck the heavy headed buds that brushed her cheeks as she passed by them, and take her back home with her apron full of flowers, or her two hands full of the yellow oranges that grov

upon the tree beside his window. "May I not give the Virgin one?" the child would say, as she picked the finest flower of her bunch to lay at Mary's feet

as they passed the church. Thus among her good friends grey and prospered the little God given child

of Pierre and Felice. "How white is the snow, maman?" she would say to Felice; "is it so beautiful that you would have me like it?" "By and by we shall see, Petite," Fe

lice would answer. But the sweet, warm, sunny weather came and went. There were chilly days now and then: days when Pierre would come home shivering in his big overcoat; when Sieur Antoine's face would look paler and more pinched than ever; when Babette would lift the tubs to her room and hang the clothes on lines before the fire; when the roses in Pere Martin's garden would be blighted with the cold but the snow never came.

"How white is the snow, papa?" the child would ask, and Pierre would take a sample of cotton from the pocket of his blouse, and, tearing it into bits, scatter it in flakes about her head.

"Whiter than that," he would say, "but we shall see, Petite."

"Whiter than this," Babette would tell her, taking the frothy suds from her tub and throwing it about the child's head in the air, whence it fell in little water bits upon the pavement.

"Whiter than these," Pere Martin would say, as he lifted her to his broad shoulders and held her aloft till her face was buried in the mass of orange blossoms above.

I have told you that Snow-white grew and prospered, and so she did, only ere yet her eighth year was passed, when the winter came on Pere Martin felt the burden grow lighter as he lifted the stead, he told them he would himself go | child to his shoulder, and Sieur Antoine with them to the office of the old notaire thought the little footsteps were less brisk as she mounted the stairs to his

"Our little one is not well," said Marta hristened.

And so they did and gave her the to Felice one day; "she no longer likes the candy; she no longer comes for her

And that night when Snow-white lay asleep in her bed Felice knelt down beher, and snow white Felice always tried side her, and saw that the little face had to keep her. She was never too busy to indeed grown paler, and the little form

"What if the good God should take her golden locks. And Pierre never again the child he has lent us, Pierre?" she said despairingly, and together they his hands at the big tub down in the knelt beside the child's couch and prayed. The next day the child could not rise; she lay there growing weaker when he kissed her he always looked to and weaker, and fading away like the see that he had not left the impress of roses in Pere Martin's garden.

"Am I going to be a baby again, maman?" she would say sometimes. "I cannot walk, and you have always to

What a sad household it was when the His fellow workers noticed it down at little one's step was heard no more on the big warehouse where he hauled cot- the stair and her voice sounded no more in the halls! As the week passed on Felice's song was hushed, and she went out but seldom. Pierre's comrades noticed the poor fellow's sadness and pitied him. Babette would leave her tubs for hours to sit by the dear one's bed. Marta's voice was heard less cheerily on the street, and she found her way often to the old cathedral, where she might say

a prayer for Snow-white. This is a strange inter," said Sieur Antoine one night as he sat by the little madame?" she said as she was dressing one's bed fingering his violin strings, which were taut and dry with the cold. "Will it snow?" said the child, looking

up eagerly. 'I remember, Pierre, the last time it snowed here. It has been eight years ago, for the little one had not come to God has sent us a little one. It does not us then. I remember it looked still and gray like this before the snow fell," said Felice.

"Yes, I remember," said Babette, "and I would not cover my tubs, thinking to catch the rain I thought was coming, and the next morning were they not beautiful!"

"Ah, is it so beautiful, the snow?" asked the child, lifting up her little hand that had grown so white and thin, "and shall I ever see it?"

"Surely, surely," answered Pierre; "God is good."

Will you not take your violin, Sieur Antoine, and tell me how the snow looks?" said Snow-white.

And Sieur Antoine played. Those who knew felt the inaudible falling of sidewalk. The bodies were placed in the the flakes, thicker and thicker, but gent-parlor and Mrs. Jacobson was carried uply as the drawing of a shroud. Sieur Antoine kept his eyes upon the little face, and he saw her waiting, listening. Suddenly a twang of the strings and the twist of his bow sent out as on the crisp air the jingle of sleigh bells, the sound of merry voices, and the child's face was glad. But Sieur Antoine had forgotten: with the sounds of gladness there came always for him the after note of sorrow, and he played on and on in the minor

one's eyes, and Felice put out her hand All during the night that followed All during the night that followed the safe side it would be necessary to bap-there sounded in Snow-white's dreams time both heads, which I did, and the child

chords till the tears stood in the little

sorrow that came after it. "Will it be like that and that?" she asked herself. While it was yet dark she heard below in the street the muffled rumble of a cart, and the cartman was singing. What was it he said? As he came nearer she heard in the man's deep voice, "Wash Me and I Shall Be Whiter Than Snow." She knew not what the words meanthow could she? But over and over again she kept saying the words to hereself till morning broke and daylight shone between the curtains, pale and strange. Something, she knew not what, sent a thrill through the little weak frame and eagerly she peered across the room to the streak of light that showed.

"Maman," she called by and by very softly. But Felice was by her side in a moment. She said nothing, but pointed with one hand toward the window.

"Ach, Pierre, Pierre, the snow, the snow!" shouted Felice, in her excitement forgetting the little sufferer on the couch, who leant upon her elbow trying to see the street below. "Did I not say?" said Pierre, springing

to his feet. "Surely God is good." Together they lifted the little one's bed to the window that she might see, and she, with full heart, could not speak for joy; only her lips parted and her eyes overran with tears.

Marta and Babette were not long in coming to see the little one's joy, and Sieur Antoine too, only he did not tarry, but looked into the child's eyes and went away to Pere Martin. They came together by and by, shaking the white flakes from their coats and treading very softly in the hall. "See, the snow has come, father," said

Pierre, "and she knew, the little one, without seeing it, that it was come." The little eyes were bent only on the window, where without the snow lay white and soft o'er street and housetop

far as the vision went, but the priest, kneeling down beside the bed, took one little cold hand in his, saying: "She is very near to God now; he told

"The snow has come," said the child's voice. "I knew it would, God told me." Aye, God told her, and drew her words she had not understood. "Wash Texas. me and I shall be whiter than snow."

The snow was soon gone and with it the little one, but to the white vanit that bears her name come often Pierre and Felice, burdened with the grief of their empty hearts. Marie still sells her candy on the street, but in her tray is found no longer the dainty bits for the "little one." Alone in the court Babette still scrubs and scrubs, but now, as never of yore, the tears run down her round cheeks and drop into her snowy suds. The roses bloom and wither in Pere Martin's little garden, and the orange blossoms fade, and the fruit falls upon the ground. Up stairs in his garret Sieur Antoine plays ever of the little snowflakes that glistened in his way of the spirit that is "whiter than snow,"-Patience Oriel in Philadelphia Times.

Early Electric Phenomena. An Englishman put on a pair of woolen stockings over his silk ones on a cold winter day. At night he pulled the stockings off without separating them and was astonished by the crackling noise and even the sparks of electricity which followed. When he drew the silk electrical attraction was so manifest that the stockings would incline toward one the fashionable "fad" in England. Leydon jars were charged by the stocking process, and great fun was had by giv-

animals.-Exchange. The German Emperor and Speechmaking. the German emperor during his journey in the iceboat to Stettin. During the dinner on the Haff, Herr Haker, councilor of commerce, rose, and was about to thank the emperor in the name of the merchants of Stettin for the interest the trade and communications of Stetand forestalled him by saying: "Dear councilor, let us leave this for today, otherwise I shall have to reply, and we are just now so jolly. Your health!

Of course the speech remained unspoken.

ing light shocks to persons and domestic

Big Collections in New York Churches. A collection taken up at the church Sunday morning yielded \$11,500, alhad been made. At some of our churches the Sunday collection runs frequently as high as \$3,000 or \$4,000, and at Grace and Trinity there are occasional collections as large as \$10,000. This one, however, is believed to be the largest collection ever taken up on an occasion not extraordinary.-New York Cor. Philadelphia

The Parents Went to the Theater, Here is another warning for those careless people who leave their house care-less people who leave their houses and their children to the mercy of chance. Hans Peter Jacobson, twelve years old, and his little sister, who is not yet five years old, were partly burned and partly suffocated to death in their home, at 447 West Huron street, Chicago, a few days ago. Their parents put them to bed at 7 o'clock and then went to the theater. By the explosion of a kerosene lamp the house took fire, but the flames were not noticed until nearly midnight. A fireman rushed into the burning residence and carried out the children, but before a doctor could ar-

rive they died in the rescuer's arms.

As the dead children were being carried into a neighbor's house the parents came rushing up. Mrs. Jacobson caught her daughter in her arms, and when she found she no longer lived fell fainting to the stairs. The doctor, who was hastily summoned, declared her condition as precarious. The fire was quickly extinguished.

Baptized a Two Headed Baby.

Few clergymen are placed in such a pre-dicament as that with which a San Francisco preacher was confronted the other day. He was called on recently to baptize an infant, which was said to be dying. my utter surprise," he said, "when I reached the house I found it had two heads. For a moment I was at a loss how to pro-ceed, for no provision was made in the rules of the church for such a contingency. I concluded, however, that in order to be on

THERE ARE MANY **EUSES FOR**

EVERYBODY USES IT.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

SOME TEXAS INDIANS.

Alabamas Are Pretty Good Red Men, and They Are Not Dead, Either. The Alabama Indians came from east of the Mississippi river over 100 years ago. They have been gradually reduced in num bers to about 220, of whom about sixty are warriors. The name of the chief is John Scott, and there are four leading, or rather subordinate chiefs, viz., Billy Ponchy, Washington Silestine, Charley Thompson and Joshua Poncho. They have acquired but little of the habits, customs, etc., of civilization, clinging with tenacity to the savage customs of their race.

They are generally honest, truthful, and industrious; they are peaceful and very grave in demeanor, yet at the same time very susceptible to mirth when they per ceive things ludi@ous. A portion wear the same clothing as their white neighbors; others, the garb of their forefathers. They are fond of ornaments, preparing them selves beautiful work in beads and colors. The men wear long black hair, and, where they have not adopted the dress of

the whites, wear bright colored shirts and buckskin leggings. The squaavs dress in bright colored calico, with a profusion of bead, tin and silver ornaments. The Alabama Indians take care of the old and help less among them. They live in a village nearer and nearer to him, for with her on Big Sandy creek, on a tract of 1,280 last breath the pale lips faltered out the acres of land given them by the state of

They have fields, and raise corn, cotton. sweet potatoes, sugar cane and peas, and have horses, cattle, hogs and poultry. raise sufficient grain for bread, and pick cotton and do other work for the farmers. They are also successful hunters. Their houses are built of logs and slate, and, ac customed to the open air as the inmates are. they are sufficiently comfortable. As might be expected, the Indians are superstitious and believe in witchcraft.

They are governed by their own tribal laws, which are in some instances very strict; they slay the murderer, etc. For Indians they are a handsome and intelli-gent tribe; their law prohibiting marrying with the whites or colored race is strict. They are expert ball players, and have the following dances: The green corn, bear, horse, frog, deer, bird, chicken, scalp and war dances, and mimic the different animals and birds in their dances. The Alabama Indians have been for some time instructed by the Rev. Mr. Curry and his wife. Mr. Curry is now dead, and Mrs. Curry is still teaching them, and deserves great credit for the care and attention she has given them.-Galveston News.

American and English Ballways.

In England American railways are as a rule the object of almost unmixed laudastockings out of the woolen ones the tion. We see their marvelous cheapness, their flexibility of adaptation to rapidly changing circumstances, and the extraordinary technical ability with which they another when held more than a foot are managed. On the other hand, we apart. It happened that the silk stock- pay little heed-perhaps because we have ings were black and the woolen ones of a difficulty in imagining them-to the light color, but when he tried the experi- personal preferences, the unjust discrimment with both stockings of the same inations, the wild fluctuations of rates, color there was no electrical appearance. even the actual financial dishonesty, This stocking experiment soon got to be which looks so large in the eyes of the American public, and have given to the agitation in favor of more stringent state control, or even of state ownership, what-

ever force it possesses.

It is worth noticing, therefore, that these blots on the American system have no necessary connection whatever with the system of private management. It can The following anecdote is related of hardly be doubted that the railways of England and the United States, whichever stood first, would secure the first and second place between them. In speed and in accommodation, whether for freight or for passengers, whether quality or quantity be taken into consideration, in the energy which pushes railways into the most remote which he had shown by his journey in districts, in the skill which creates a traffic where no traffic existed before, they stand The emperor noticed the intention | today in the front rank, as they have stood any time for the last half century .- W. M. Acworth in Forum.

He Got His Clothes.

It is surprising how neat some railroad porters can appear with one uniform a juns.—Good Housekeeping, year, which includes two pairs of trousers, and equally surprising how slovenly some are before their clothes are three months old. It is very awkward for these latter which Cornelius Vanderbilt attends one individuals when their new uniform comes late. One of this class in the West Riding though it was not an unusual occasion, had to apply two or three times for his and no special requests for large amounts new clothes, which were overdue, but still they did not come. He knew that his gar-ments were worse than seedy, and feared that they might fall to pieces, so as a last resort he wrote direct to the superintendent, telling him of his trouble, and adding that should the uniform not come at once he should have to adopt the charcoal system. A reply soon came back, asking for particulars of the charcoal system. The porter then replied that, as different parts of his body were becominglyisible through his clothes, he intended rubbing them with charcoal for decency's sake. It is needless to say that the new things were soon sent. -Chambers' Journal.

> A New York lady is entitled to the dir tinction of possessing two pets that are decidedly unique and unconventional. They are Brazilian armadilios, and it is a curious sight to see the quaint creatures in their coats of mail fondling their mistress and accepting choice bits of fruit for their dinner.

The Wife's Name.

Time was when ladies desired nothing etter than to be rid of the name which they had inherited. But all things are topsy-turvy now, and the custom of women taking their husband's name is undergoing rable modifications. Miss Arabella Stuart, when she marries Mr. Tulkinghorne, becomes Mrs. Stuart-Tulkinghorne; when Mr. Malaprop leads Miss Partington to the altar, she becomes Mrs. Partington Malaprop. It is very pretty (nd very inde-pendent, but one is puzzled about the daughters and what will happen to their names when the custom becomes common -if ever it does become common. Miss Partington-Malaprop, married to young Mr. Stuart-Tulkinghorne, would be Mrs. Partington - Malaprop - Staart - Tulkinghorne, which would be worse than the Brydges-Chandos-Temple-Nugent-Grenville of the late Duke of Buckingham. But there need be no such difficulty. In Belgium, where every married man takes his wife's name after his own, the children are known (a he himself is) by the paternal name only. There is something to be said for the cus-tom from the genealogist's point of view. but the modern woman does not care about genealogy. She wants to assert herself.—

A Cheap Flewer Stand.

A little model comes from the plazza of a southern country home. It was made by the home carpenter, and has been repeated in different heights for various corners. It holds the brass hooped water bucket, in the cover of which lies the cocoanut, or metal, or silver dipper. This convenient supply of fresh drinking water is a marked feature in the southern home, and there is a peculiar charm and feeling of health and

A part of a beam, not too heavy, forms the support; a round of cross wood the top. This round may also form the base, or the joints may be of separate pieces. It makes a solid, firm stand, for the large tub of hydrangea, or the less luxuriant geranium or begonia, besides the steps.

green or red. If needed in sitting room or library, use enamel paint, or the stain of walnut, oak or cherry. Put a covering of plush or felt over the top, and a deep furniture network fringe around the circle, and it is a firm handsome stand for a bronze or china or namental figure or large lamp.-House

To Prevent Train Robbery.

The best suggestion to prevent train rob bery that we have yet seen comes from George W. Durbrow, of this city. His plan is to have rockets provided in all express and baggage cars, and even in locomotives. Then, in case of the stopping of a train, the first thing for a messenger to do would be to fill the rocket receptacle and shoot off these warning signals. In this way the whole country for miles around would be aroused, and the escape of the robbers would be almost an impossibility. If to this the express company would add a general reward for any train robbers, then the chances of these company would add a general reward for any train robbers, then the would be very slight.-San Francisco Chronicle.

Last Time but One.

Apropos of the danger incurred in attending a funeral in cold weather, they tell a clever mot of the musician Auber. He was near his eightieth year when some one met him at the funeral of some celebrated personage whose remains he had accompanied to the cemetery. "You here, dear master!" a friend exclaimed; "are you not afraid of getting ill?" "In effect," he replied, "I think this is the last time I shall

St. Louis, Kansas City, Pueblo come to the cemetery as an amateur."-San Francisco Argonaut.

Eggs at Easter.

Easter as a festival day is celebrated in various ways by people of different nationalities and religions. Our cousins over the sea have many old time observances which we have never accepted, but everywhere eggs form a prominent part of the feast. And while the custom of giving eggs is now adopted by Jews, Hindoos and Christ-



Miss Laffin-What has become of our friend Mr. Clay? Mr. Rand-He has taken employment in a powder mill for six months,

Miss Laffin-How strange! Mr. Rand-Not at all. He wished to break himself of smoking .- Puck.

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Office and yards on Mosley ave. be-tween Douglas ave. and First St. Branch yards at Union City, Oklaho-ma and Ei Heno, L. T.